

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4.455.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1918

One Penny.

## BIG MAJORITY AGAINST SINN FEIN IN SOUTH ARMAGH



Ulster girls cheering Mr. Donnelly, whose majority of 1,017 over the Sinn Fein candidate was larger than was expected.



Mr. Devlin (a), Canon Quinn (b), Mr. Donnelly (c).



Carrying Mr. Donnelly to his hotel.

South Armagh has rejected Dr. McCartan, the Sinn Fein candidate, by a decided majority, despite a most vigorous campaign on his behalf. Canon Quinn, an ardent Nationalist, who was eighty-five on Saturday, the day the poll was declared, said it was his happiest birthday. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

## TO-MORROW'S WEDDING—R.N. BRIDEGRoOm.



Grace, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Hooley; and Lieutenant-Commander A. W. L. Brewill, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Brewill, D.S.O., who are to be married to-morrow.

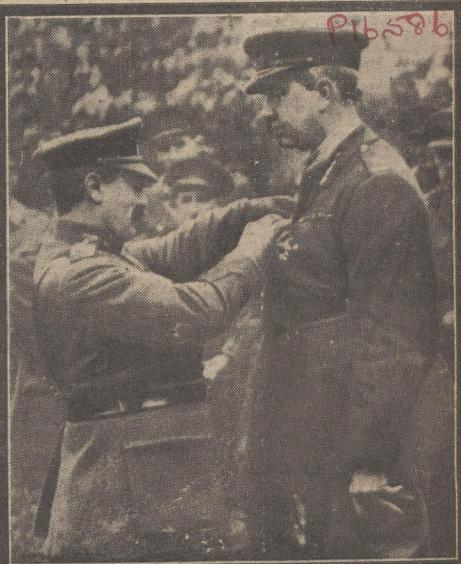


Capt. W. H. Davis, a Canadian chaplain who has been awarded the M.C. He has volunteered to go to the 'Land' at Passchendaele to tend the wounded. (Canadian War Records.)



Disappointed Sinn Feiners leaving Newry after the declaration.

## ORDER FOR CANADIAN COMMANDER.



General Orth decorating General Sir Arthur Currie with the Order of the Crown of Belgium. He also received the Croix de Guerre Belge. (Canadian War Records.)

## YOU MUST TAKE YOUR OWN SUGAR.

### Drastic Rules in Force for Tea and Dining Rooms.

#### THE CANTEEN CAKE.

The hotel and restaurant gourmet had an unhappy time yesterday.

The new Public Meals Order came into force, and its drastic restrictions and regulations affected not only hotels and restaurants, but all "public eating places."

The meat breakfast became a luxury of the past yesterday morning in all such establishments.

Meat at luncheon and dinner is now limited to 5oz., instead of 5oz.

Five-eighths of an ounce is the daily limit for margarine, whether spread over one or half a dozen slices of bread.

High tea had another set-back in the limitation of time between three and 5.30 in the afternoon to 4.30, including bread, cake, bun, scone and biscuit.

If you are only a guest at an hotel you must, if you want sugar in anything, bring your own sugar with you.

The sweet-toothed people found it difficult to do without sugar in their tea or coffee, and

#### EXTRAORDINARY FIGURES.

The phenomenal success of the *Sunday Pictorial* continues. Yesterday's sales record reached the striking total of 2,583,854.

The *Daily Mirror* saw neat little packets of sugar cubes produced by the unabashed at the Trocadero and other West End restaurants.

There were again long queues in all districts in London Saturday, though there was more meat available.

To relieve the meat famine, Sheffield authorities, for the first time in history, opened the meat market yesterday, and the butcher shops did likewise during the morning.

Regular church-goers stayed away to join queues.

**Railwaymen's Protest.**—At Leicester yesterday a conference of the National Union of Railwaymen, after a resolution demanding the Government immediately to ration the whole of the people, and advising all branches not to work on Saturdays as a protest against "the inactivity of the Government." The men are to use the days off for standing in queues in place of the

#### "NATIONAL GOWNS" NOW.

#### Easy-to-Make Dresses That Cost Little.

A movement is on foot to procure an order for bidding the wearing of new gowns and to encourage the economical art of home dressing.

"The country could save 40 per cent. of all dress materials and save millions of pounds if women would learn to make their own gowns on a standard pattern," said Mrs. Hawkey, designer of the "national dress" to *The Daily Mirror*.

The "national gowns" shown to *The Daily Mirror* were designed with elastic belts to slip on over the head.

"Paisley shawls converted into coats by fashionable women is a revival of an early Victorian fashion," said the manageress of a West End shop to *The Daily Mirror*.

Many women discovered these shawls in old castles when doing charity work for the Red Cross, and the warmth of the shawl attracted the notice of a clever dress maker, and their conversion into shawl-coats has become the fashion.

**How to Make Boots Last.**—An Army Council Instruction on boot economy states a considerable increase in the average "life" of boots is attainable by systematic attention, and points out that a layer of tightly-pressed newspaper stuffed into the boot will absorb moisture and maintain its shape. Drying wet boots near fires or stoves is forbidden.

#### BRITISH SINGER IN ROME.

#### Irish Girl Protege of Lady Howard de Walden.

ROME, Sunday.—For the first time in over twenty years a British singer will appear at the Costanzi.

She is Elizabeth Burke Sheridan, who was born at Castlebar (Co. Mayo), and is a protege of Lady Howard de Walden and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. She makes her debut as Mimi in "La Bohème."—*Exchange*.

#### THE HUN AND THE HAM.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—According to the *Maasbode*, the artist who designed the £10,000,000 paper money for the town of Nieder Lahnstein in Prussia, has been arrested, as it was found on close examination that above a ham which was included in the design he had inscribed in very small letters, "Tender longing: Sweet hope," and above a design of three turnips the word, "This is how we live."—*Reuter*.

#### TOMMY'S SWEETS.

Craving of Our Men at the Front for Stimulating Chocolate.

"STICK IT SAME AS US."

While the news from the interior of Germany is being read, and discussed with hopeful interest by the troops, they are not, so far as I can judge, very sanguine about immediate results.

I had a talk with an intelligent corporal (writes Mr. Hamilton Fyfe), who delivered himself thus: "It looks certainly as if the German people did not believe any longer what their Government says."

The army out here studies the reports, and listens to the stories of food queues at home. They are sorry and sympathetic, of course, about the patient women, who wait hours in line outside meat and margarine shops, but at the same time, so an experienced Y.M.C.A. worker tells me, they are rather scornful of anyone who says gloomily "People won't stick it."

Their answer is, "They've got to stick it, same as us. It's hard, but look at the hard times we've been through; and the people in Germany, look what they've had to put up with. Our people have got as good stuffing as the Boches, haven't they?"

I heard a thing at this but, by the way, which should shame those who are still eating chocolates at home.

Men here are constantly to ask for chocolate, and are sadly disappointed when there is none. They feel the need of sugar in their systems, though they could not tell you why they crave for sweetmeats.

A fresh Y.M.C.A. activity is a club reading-room and circulating library in a certain place not far from the line, where there are always a good number of troops in rest billets. The organization aims to have a "new book table," and it is thought that if writers and publishers, perhaps reviewers, too, would regularly send copies of their latest publications to the Y.M.C.A. for the men's use.

#### HEROIC RECTOR.

**Killed in the Air Raid While He Was Comforting His Flock.**

The Bishop of London, in his address at the funeral service of a well-known London rector, who was killed in Monday night's air raid, said:

"He always went out to look after his flock, to see them into safety, to comfort them if they were terrified."

"And as he did so he died with them, he died for them. He laid his life down for his friends."

"For nearly twenty years," the rector added, "he moved up and down these streets, known to everyone, the friend of everyone, and his culminating sacrifice was a fit end to a life of sacrifice lived out for years."

**Killed, 173 Hurt.**—It is officially stated that the air-raid casualties as the result of Monday night's raid in all districts were fifty-eight killed and 173 injured, and of these thirty persons were killed in an air raid incurred in a single building used as an air raid shelter.

**Killed, 202 Hurt.**—Paris Sunday. Revised figures in connection with the Paris air raid show that fifty-three persons were killed and 202 wounded.—*Central News*.

#### A.S.E. AND MAN-POWER.

**2,000 Scottish Delegates Favour Government's Proposals.**

At a private meeting of nearly 2,000 engineers representing Greenock and district branches of the A.S.E. the proceedings, it is understood, were distinctly favourable to the Government's proposals.

Delegates were asked at the meeting, which was primarily called to hear a report of two delegates who have returned from London after the conference with Sir Auckland Geddes.

A Glasgow telegram states that the general situation on the Clyde on the Man-Power Bill shows an improvement.

The Barrow join engineering trades held a meeting yesterday and passed a resolution demanding that the British Government enter into immediate negotiations with the intelligent committees on the basis of self-determination of all nations, no annexations and no indemnities.

"Should such action," the resolution went on, "demonstrate that German imperialism is the only obstacle to peace, we express our determination to co-operate in the prosecution of the war."

**Manchester and District Engineering and Shipbuilding Federation.**—representing between fifty and sixty thousand workers, at a meeting on Saturday night passed a resolution expressing disapproval of the down-tools policy in relation to the Man-Power Bill, and confidence in the trade union officials who were conducting negotiations with the Government.

#### CANON KNOX LITTLE DEAD.

Canon Knox Little died yesterday at the age of seventy-eight. He had been Canon of Worcester since 1881.

He was a well-known writer on theological subjects, and during the South African War he was acting chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, and was mentioned in dispatches, receiving the Queen's Medal and clasps.

#### CINEMA PANIC.

1,500 Children Make Mad Rush on Hearing False Cry of "Fire!"

#### HOW STAMPEDE WAS STEMMED

A serious panic was caused amongst 1,500 children assembled at a matinee at Princes Hall Picture Palace, Stoke-on-Trent, on Saturday owing to the raising of an alarm of fire which proved to be false.

When the cry was raised there was a mad rush for the exits and corridors and a number of children were knocked down and trampled upon. Four small children were conveyed to North Staffordshire Infirmary.

The management were assisted in their efforts to restore order by the police and members of the Hanley and Stoke-on-Trent Fire Brigades, who had been called out.

The extraordinary feature of the affair is that there was not a serious loss of life during the stampede.

The doors and passages are, however, very wide, and all the seats are on the ground floor.

#### DEMOCRACY AND WAR.

**The Bishop of Exeter on "Wicked Promises."**

"Democracy had great merits, but one of its merits was not that it abolished war," said the Bishop of Exeter, preaching at St. Paul's yesterday.

There were men who stated: "Your political system is failing because you have not gone far enough. Extend your political system till it reaches an extreme point, and you will find the other side is the Garden of Eden."

He did not think England ever listened to that, but these people had criticised the constitutional system of Europe and had said that if the countries were democratised and the system changed to Socialism we should never have war.

The Russians had turned their swords into ploughshares, and great mistake had been made by these people. They had never realised that no form of government had been immune from war, and it was wicked to promise immunity from an experiment which had often been tried.

#### ARMENIANS ORDEAL.

**Mystery of Their Treatment After Capture by the Germans.**

The news of the savage German sentence of ten years' imprisonment in a fortress on two captured British airmen, who are alleged to have distributed leaflets from the air, caused a great sensation everywhere on Saturday.

*The Daily Mirror* understands that the two airmen, Captain E. S. Scott and Second Lieutenant H. G. Wooley, who were shot down near Cambrai on October 17, 1917.

Captain Schultz is a South African officer, whose home is in Johannesburg, while Second Lieutenant Wooley is a Bristol man.

By sentencing them Germany is attempting to justify her threat to treat airmen who engage in propaganda work as spies.

The two airmen are to have been treated with severity ever since their capture.

In three months Lieutenant Wooley's family received only one postcard from him. It arrived on November 18.

The only news received of him since then was that he was at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. The reports speak of the two officers having been sentenced on December 1.

#### "EVERY WOMAN A PEARL!"

**Great Appeal for Jewels by Red Cross Society.**

"Let every woman in the land send one pearl, so that they may all be made into one rope of pearls of great price."

This is the suggestion of the Silver and Jewelry Committee, regarding the great sale of jewels, valuable furniture, pictures and antiques which is to be held at Christie's for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Every woman should send her pearl to Sydney Morse, 20, King-street, St. James', S.W. 1.

#### LINER MONTREAL SUNK.

All on board the C.P.R. liner Montreal, which is sunk in collision off the Mersey last Monday, are safe. One of the crew of a tug which was sent to her assistance was, however, drowned.

The Montreal collided with a vessel which escaped serious damage. Her plates below the water-line were torn away and the engine-room was flooded. The bulkheads held while the destroyers took off the crew.

#### 730 BIG SHIPS DOWN DURING 1917.

**Terrible U-Boat Crimes Against Our Sailors.**

#### NEW OUTRAGE STORY.

"The German submarine campaign of 1917 accounted for the loss of 730 vessels of over 1,600 tons, all of which were under the British flag."

"Records of these losses have been published, week by week, since March 1, 1917. If all the incidents connected with these losses could be published they would constitute the most diabolical outrages perpetrated since Calvary."

The public says the *Merchant Service Review* and *H.R.H. Review* should publish the announcement, have yet to learn of an inhumane incident which attended the sinking of a large cargo steamer towards the end of last year.

After the vessel had been torpedoed and the crew had taken to the boats the chief officer's boat managed to get clear away from the ship's side.

The captain's, however, was not so fortunate, for as she put off from the ship the submarine opened fire on the crew, killing some

#### OPENED FIRE ON OPEN BOAT.

Having, as they thought, completed their fiendish work on the starboard side of the vessel, they steamed round the bow and opened fire on the chief officer's boat.

Then the submarine came towards the chief officer's boat, and the crewed occupants aboard. The chief officer was pained with questions, which he answered guardedly.

With the submarine's gun trained on them, the lifeboat cast off and pulled towards the remains of the captain's boat. Here a sad sight met their eyes. The captain, badly wounded, was found washing about in the bottom of the bloodstained boat.

He was the gunner, with a band was a member of the crew, his arm round the body of a young apprentice, whose life he had endeavoured to save, but to no purpose. Fortunately they were able to get this hero and the captain on board.

After some hours of exposure in the open boats, without food, stimulants, or dressings for their wounded captain, they were picked up by one of the patrol ships and reached port.

#### 3 MONTHS FOR MINISTER.

**Pastor Who "Hoped God Would Go On Sinking Our Ships."**

Mr. George Tinsley Peet, superintendent minister of Peel Wesleyan Circuit, was charged at Castleton on Saturday with making statements calculated to prejudice recruiting.

It was stated in evidence that in the course of an address in Castleton Church, defendant said he would rather go to hell with a conscientious objector than go to Heaven with a drunken, swearing, Godless, atheist, who had done a dastardly thing in Flanders, and that he prayed "God would go on sending our lads to hang in bits on the barbed wire and go on sinking our ships until He had knocked some sense into our sinful hearts."

When defendant was sentenced to three months' imprisonment there was applause in court. Notice of appeal was given.

#### FRENCH MUNITIONS FIRE.

**Serious Damage at Moulins Shell-Filling Factory.**

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Matin* reports a fire at the shell-filling establishment at Moulins.

The fire followed a series of explosions which occurred last evening in the shell-filling department. Ten lives are reported to have been lost and some thirty persons are said to have been injured.

Serious damage was done, but the adjacent powder magazine was saved.—*Reuter*.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

**Blackburn Tank.**—Blackburn tank fund figures at £1,162,250.

**Argentina's Latest Step.**—The Argentine Minister has notified the State Department at Washington that the Argentine Military and Naval Attachés have been recalled from Berlin and Vienna.—*Exchange*.

**U.S. and Aliens.**—The United States Government announces that all German subjects over fourteen years must register during the week ending February 4, and that alien laws are to be strictly enforced.—*Exchange*.

**Help for Firemen's Widows.**—The London Fire Brigade Widows and Orphans and General Benefit Fund have voted £1,000 to the widows and dependents of the officers and men who recently lost their lives in the service.

**Teddy's Boxing.**—The National Sporting Club tonight fought Private Dick Houseman, A.S.C., and Tom Jones, Maesteg, box fifteen rounds. At the Ring in the afternoon Curley Walker, the ex-bantam champion, and Joe Conn box twenty rounds.

# ALLIES' ANSWER TO COUNTS HERTLING AND CZERNIN

Continue Military Pressure Until There Is  
Change of Enemy Temper.

"TO MEET VIOLENCE OF THE FOE ONSET."

British Line Advanced in Palestine—Gains in Portuguese Africa—Death Threat for German Strikers.

**Versailles Decisions.**—The Supreme War Council at Versailles was unable to find in Hertling's or Czernin's speeches "any real approximation to the moderate conditions" of all the Allies and decided to prosecute the Allied military effort until its pressure brings about a change of enemy temper, justifying the hope of peace on terms which would not involve the abandonment of the principles of freedom, justice and respect for laws of nations.

**The German Strikes.**—According to a semi-official Berlin message, the German strikes are fizzling out. Other telegrams are less assuring. Defaulters are to be court-martialled, offenders being liable to death.

## BRITISH LINE ADVANCED NORTH OF JERUSALEM.

Turk-Claim That They Penetrated Our Positions and Took Booty.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Palestine.—During the night of January 30 our line was advanced slightly in the vicinity of Armutieh (twelve miles north of Jerusalem). On the morning of January 31 a reconnoitring detachment penetrated the village of Mukhmas (eight miles north-north-east of Jerusalem), repulsed enemy counter-attacks, and withdrew during the following night, having accomplished its object.

During the night of February 2 enemy patrols were active between Armutieh and Sheikh Abdulla (one mile east of Armutieh). Attempts to penetrate our lines at these points were repulsed.

### TURKISH OFFICIAL.

In Palestine our storm troops penetrated the British positions at two points east of the Nablus-Jerusalem road, capturing booty.

## MARKED ARTILLERY FIRE NORTH OF THE AISNE.

French Repel German Raids at Many Points.

### FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Sunday Afternoon.—There was marked artillery activity on both sides on the front north of the Aisne and in the Four de Paris region.

Coups de main attempted by the enemy on one of our small posts south of Lombaerzyde, on the right bank of the Meuse, north of Hill 304, were repulsed. The attack, which failed, in the Rhone-Rhine Canal region, failed.

Night.—During the morning, in the sector to the north of Courteon (the region of the Ailette), one of our detachments made a surprise attack on a small German post, the whole of whom they brought back into our lines, thus taking thirteen prisoners and capturing some material.

Supplementary information shows that the enemy's surprise attack repulsed by us last night to the north of Bures was made by a detachment about 200 strong. The enemy losses were particularly heavy.—Exchange.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Crown Prince and Duke Albrecht's Fronts.—On the Oise-Aisne Canal the French left positions in the morning.

Along the Ailette, in the region of Rethondes, on the heights of the Meuse and at the Hartmannswillerkopf there was artillery activity.

## HOW HUNS ARE MASSING.

### FROM H. HAMILTON FYFFE.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.—The enemy seems to be anxious now to find out what we are doing, and whether we are preparing to strike. Meanwhile, whether from nervousness or aggressive tension, he is steadily increasing his army on this front, partly with troops withdrawn from Russia after the understanding given when the armistice was arranged that he should be moved.

What actual fighting strength this increased army represents is doubtful. I have heard of companies down as low as seventy men and of Boche divisions no more than 8,000 or 9,000 strong.

PARIS, Sunday.—The Germans have up to this date concentrated on the western front between 150 and 190 divisions. Exchange.

## BRITISH AIRMEN DROP 4 TONS OF BOMBS.

Daylight Attack on Valenciennes Railway Station and Sidings.

### BRITISH AIR OFFICIAL.

On the 2nd inst. the weather was fine, though with some mist and haze.

Several successful reconnaissances were carried out by our aeroplanes, and many hostile batteries were effectively engaged by our artillery, with observation from the air.

Nearly four tons of bombs were dropped by us during the day on various targets, including the railway station and sidings at Valenciennes.

Several thousand rounds were fired at parties of the enemy in their trenches and in back areas.

Five hostile machines were brought down in air fighting, and five others were driven down out of control. One of our aeroplanes is missing.

On the night of the 2nd-3rd inst., the enemy's aerodromes and billets were bombed.

### BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

Naval aircraft bombed Versailles aerodrome on the morning of February 2. A fire was observed as the result of a direct hit.

An enemy machine engaged on a photographic reconnaissance was attacked and destroyed.

All our machines returned safely.

## HUN RAIDERS REPELLED BY BRITISH.

Our Successful Night Patrol Fight South of Lens.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday, 9.25 P.M.—A hostile raiding party was driven off with loss early last night by one of our posts east of Polygon Wood.

We had no casualties.

Hostile artillery has been active to-day south-east of Ephey, in the neighbourhood of the Arras-Cambrai road, south of Armentieres, and in the Ypres sector.

9.30 A.M.—In addition to the raid reported last night's communiqué, a second raid attempted by the enemy yesterday morning in the Poelcappelle sector was repulsed by machine-gun fire.

During the night patrol encounters took place to our advantage in the neighbourhood of Mericourt (south of Lens).

Hostile artillery has shown some activity in the neighbourhood of La Vacquerie and south of Lens.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Sunday Afternoon (Prince Rupprecht's Front).—On the Flanders front there were lively artillery duels in the afternoon between the Houthout Wood and the Lys. Also in the region of Lens, on both sides of the Scarpe and west of Cambrai the firing activity revived.

A strong reconnoitring thrust by the English was repulsed near Monchy.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

## TROTSKY IN FINLAND.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—A telegram from Helsingfors says that Trotsky arrived at Helsingfors and made a speech from the Government building.

He advised the people to follow the Russian example, and promised full assistance from Russia.

According to news received by indirect routes, however, the position is extremely serious.



The remaining portion of the German East African forces are being fought in Portuguese territory.

## ALLIED MEASURES TO MEET FOE ONSET.

Decisions of the Supreme War Council.

## HEART AND WILL UNITY.

"The Supreme War Council gave the most careful consideration to the recent utterances of the German Chancellor and of the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, but was unable to find in them any real approximation to the moderate conditions laid down by all the Allied Governments."

So states the Press Bureau announcement last night concerning the result of the four days' session of the Council at Versailles. The statement goes on as follows:

"This conviction was only derived by the impression made by the contrast between the professed idealistic aims with which the Central Powers entered upon the present negotiations at Brest-Litovsk and their now openly disclosed plans of conquest and spoliation."

"Under the circumstances the Supreme War Council decided that the only immediate task before them lay in the prosecution with the greatest vigour and determination of the most effective co-operation of the military effort of the Allies, until such time as the pressure of that effort shall have brought about in the enemy Governments and peoples a change of temper which would justify the hope of the conclusion of peace on terms which would not involve the abandonment in face of an aggressive and unrepentant militarism of all the principles of freedom, justice and the respect for the law of nations which the Allies are resolved to vindicate."

### DECISIONS TAKEN.

"The decisions taken by the Supreme War Council in pursuance of this conclusion embodied the general military policy to be carried out by the Allies in all the principal theatres of war, not more particularly the closer and more effective co-ordination under the Council of all the efforts of the Powers engaged in the struggle against the Central Empires."

"The functions of the Council itself were enlarged."

"The Allies are united in heart and will, not by identical designs, but by their open resolve to defend civilisation against an unscrupulous and brutal attempt at domination."

"This unanimity, confirmed by a unanimity of less complete both as regards the military policy to be pursued and as regards the measures needed for its execution, will enable them to meet the violence of the enemy's onset with firm and quiet confidence in their utmost energy and will, and knowledge that their efforts, their fighting, nor their steadfastness can be shaken."

The meetings of the third session of the Supreme War Council, says the statement, were held at Versailles on January 30 and 31 and February 1 and 2.

In addition to the members of the Supreme War Council itself—viz.:

FRANCE—M. Clemenceau, M. Pichon.

GREAT BRITAIN—Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Milner.

ITALY—Signor Orlando, Baron Sonnino, and the military representatives of the Supreme War Council—

Gen. Weygand, Gen. Sir H. H. Wilson, Gen. Cadorna, Gen. Bliss—

there were also present for the greater part of the military discussions

French and British Chiefs of General Staff:—

Gen. Foch and Gen. Sir W. Robertson.

Italian Minister of War—Gen. Aliferi.

Commanders-in-Chief on the Western Front:—

Gen. Petain, Field-Marshal Sir D. Haig, Gen. Pershing.

Mr. A. H. Frazier, First Secretary of the United States Embassy in Paris, was present during the political discussions.

## IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

Mr. Lloyd George, says the *Petit Parisien*, made a brief appearance at 3.30 p.m. at Saturday afternoon's sitting before leaving Versailles for England.

Lord Milner remains in Paris, where he will confer to-day with M. Clemenceau on the subject of the food supplies. The results of the conference have been weighty and important.

The *Matin* says: "The conference was primarily of a military character."

"The close unity of the Allies was emphasised by important decisions tending to extend the fighting strength of the Allied armies."

The *Echo de Paris* writes: "Good business was done at Versailles. Generalissimo Petain and Field-Marshal Haig returned to their headquarters with the knowledge that accord had been established between the Allies for the energetic prosecution of the war."—Reuter.

M. Clemenceau, in a statement to journalists, said: "I am very pleased, and with reason. We have really done some good work. Central News

## SIX FOE PLANES DOWNED

### ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Our flights bombarded yesterday the points of concentration and the road crossings on the lines of communication of the enemy on the Asiago Plateau.

Our bombing machines damaged last night works of the aerial cable line between Caldino and Mount Rovero.

Eight hostile machines were brought down during yesterday. One of them was hit by artillerists in Armarano (Val Lagarino). Six more were shot down between Vittorio Veneto and Nervesa by British airmen.

## MULES SINK DEEP INTO THE MUD—A KING SEES A TANK.



Mules get into difficulties in the mud in France.—(Official photograph.)



The King of the Belgians inspects a tank.—(Official photograph.)



Returning from the trenches wearing their trophies.—(Official photograph.)

These men, who belong to the Wiltshire Regiment, succeeded in securing a quantity of trophies, and there was scarcely one of them that was not wearing a helmet or one of Fritz' little round caps.

## RECTOR WHO DIED DURING THE AIR RAID.



Lieutenant Mosse, son.



Carrying the coffin.

Lieutenant E. Mosse, just back from the front, attended the funeral of his father, the Rev. E. H. Mosse, a well-known London rector.

TWO NEWS  
PORTROTS.  
P10485B

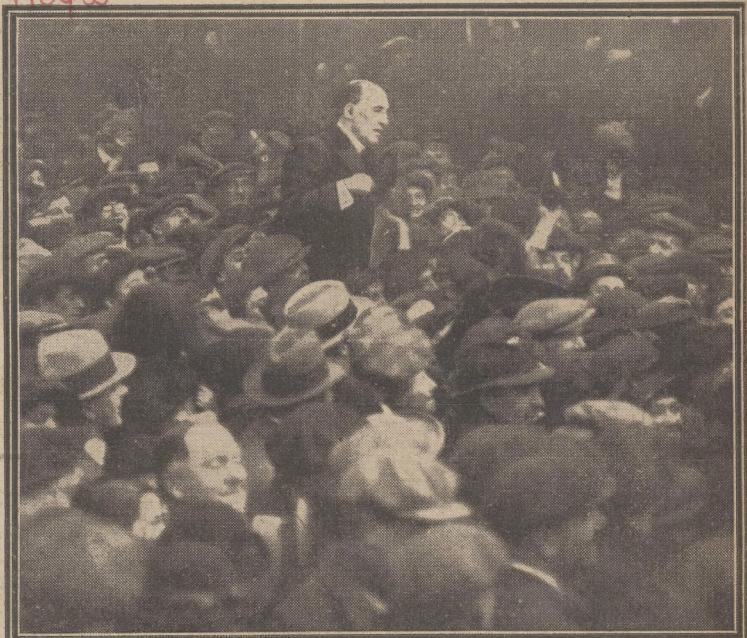


Flight-Sgt. F. G. Weiber, R.F.C., who has just been awarded the Territorial Service Medal for devotion to duty in France.



The Countess Bathurst, one of the hospital workers mentioned in the list which has recently been issued by the War Office.

## SIR EDWARD CARSON CARRIED SHOULDER HIGH.



Sir Edward Carson, who said he had not come to Belfast to announce any declaration of new policy, but to explain his reasons for resigning his office as a member of the War Cabinet, was accorded a great reception on his arrival.

The shiandy workers carrying him shoulder-high.



SOLDIER BARON.—Baron de Dietrich, who is now visiting Scotland, born in Alsace in 1861, he fought as an officer in the French Army and was wounded in 1915.



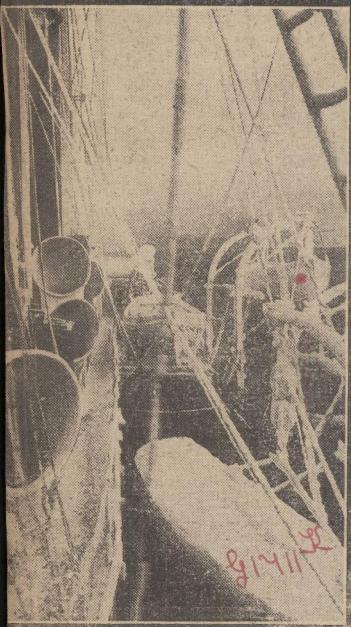
TO MARRY AN ANZAC.—Miss Effie Beattie Dugdale, of Ewell, whose engagement to Major Frank N. Harvey (New Zealand Medical Corps) has been announced.



SAVED 56 LIVES.—George Lee, a famous Thames carman, who has died at Twickenham: He saved fifty-six persons from drowning, including the late Corney Grin.

## NAVAL MEN SKATE WHILE THEIR SHIP IS ICEBOUND.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



one of H.M. ships in the Arctic circle. A photograph taken in Kola inlet, North Russia.

P14588, P14544

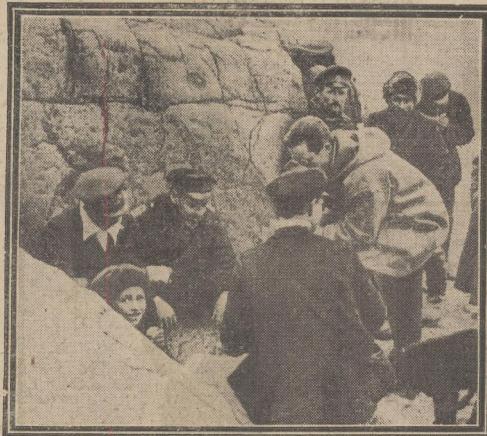


**GREAT GALLANTRY**  
Lieut.-Col. Stephen  
Allen, of 'The  
Hall,' Staffordshire,  
has been awarded the  
D.S.O.

**HOSPITAL DONOR.**  
Mrs. Hubert Martineau  
gave her Berkshire  
home as a hospital for  
officers. She is the com-  
mandant.



Skating alongside one of his Majesty's ships at Archangel, North Russia. Skaters at home will be envious, for here it doesn't thaw just as the ice is beginning to bear.



Officers find a sheltered spot for lunch.

The officers, seen at lunch, paid a visit to a Lapp settlement on the Varsuna River, and the photograph shows how they discovered a sheltered nook while awaiting the tide to release their motor-boat, which had got into difficulties. An R.N. interpreter, in whom the small boy is so interested, accompanied the party.



A diminutive Lapp looks with interest at the stranger.



Lieut. Nungesser, the famous French aviator, who brought down his 100th machine in four days, after being lost for days at sea, in his biplane.

P14544



Lady Gurney, widow of Admiral Sir Nevil Gurney, who died at Ascot. Her husband died in France last year.

P14544



John L. Sullivan, the great pugilist, who has died at Abington, Mass. He was the most famous ring fighter of his day.

## CHARITY PAGEANT AT A SOUTH LONDON SCHOOL.



Charity pageant took place on Saturday at the Mary Datchelor School, Camberwell, in aid of the school's cot fund and other charities. The photograph shows the procession passing across the playground.

## MAKING THE SHORT TALL.



Paris hat with butterfly bow of black and white sequins. The tall crown will give height to the small figure.

## DOING HIS OWN JOB AGAIN.



Private Mathews, formerly an engineer on the Cape Town railway, is looking after the engine-house at the hospital where he is a patient.

# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1918.

## OUR FOOD PESSIMISTS AND SUBMARINE OPTIMISTS.

WE do not know what sort of a pleasant sea-change is suffered by all who go to the Admiralty; but we know that, whatever a man may be before he goes there, he invariably becomes an "optimist about submarines" when he gets there. The breezes affect his speech.

In the old days, we had the older Admiralty optimists informing us that "the submarine menace is now well in hand." That was before the menace mentioned had even begun to be one of the main features of the world war.

Then we had, by way of contrast, dark warnings and calls for "more ships." Simultaneously we had very serious sinkings.

Now again we have been blown upon by the refreshing breeze. There has been talk again about the submarine being "held" and the "failure" of the German campaign.

At the same moment, the Food Controllers give us a further example of Allied Unity by talking (very truly) about the critical months ahead of us. They tell us of the Sunday joints and cheeses sunk. "We are crossing the rapids," says Mr. Prothero to the farmers, "and unless we all pull together we shall be swept over the rapids to disaster." The food position generally gives Lord Rhondda "considerable anxiety." Rationing approaches. Undoubtedly supplies decrease and the distribution problem grows more difficult. That will not be a stationary situation.

As the war goes on supplies (in view of the world shortage) will not increase. They will go on getting shorter. Nor will distribution become easier, with hands removed from transport. Therefore, while the war lasts, we would respectfully suggest that our optimists cease to be optimists, without in the least becoming pessimists; but remain, all the time, realists, *realists*, following the facts.

And one of the facts is that our people eat more as soon as they hear that the submarine menace is in hand, or held, or defeated.

True, now that rationing comes, the self-denial of the people will not be so much needed. Sacrifice will be compulsory. But when the ration is low—and it is not high for meat—they will tend more easily to feel and show discontent, if they are constantly being told that the submarines are "done."

We know that the shortage is not due only to submarines and have often insisted on the fact. But the submarine threat alone alarms or cautions our people. Remove it, reassure them, and they eat too much; or, if they cannot do that, grumble because they can't do it.

Let us point out, then, that the submarine menace cannot be considered "held," so long as the food situation is *not* held, but growing steadily a little worse every month, and certainly every year, of the war.

W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 3.—The onion crop is a most valuable one and every effort should be made to ensure success.

In most gardens seed cannot be sown until March, so the ground should be prepared by deep digging as soon as possible. Onions need rich soil, so dig in plenty of manure.

Seed may also be sown at once in boxes in a warm frame or greenhouse, and the resultant plants put out during April.

E. F. T.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Try ever to be what thou thinkest true; and, as thou thinkest, so speak.—Emerson.



Miss Edna Dernoncourt, to play at the Theatre des Allies. Lady Idina Wallace, granddaughter of Lord Brassey.

## WILL HE SPEAK?

The Effect of the South Armagh Election—A Wonderful Belgian Poet.

THERE HAVE BEEN several cocksure statements in the papers to the effect that Mr. Lloyd George will make an important speech on the war situation when Parliament adjourns. At Downing-street yesterday I was authoritatively told that nothing what-

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

**That Canteen.**—Much keen interest is being shown in Lord Ribblesdale's speech on Lady Angela Forbes' case to-morrow. Lord Ribblesdale is as picturesque in speech as in appearance, and everybody is anticipating a pleasing interlude.

**Coming Out.**—Lady Swaythling is making her debut this week as a war saleswoman. She has never yet sold flags or any war souvenirs. She tells me, but will sell War Savings Certificates at Harrod's.

**Prince at the Play.**—Looking in at the Adelphi the other night, I spied Prince Albert laughing unrestrainedly at Mr. W. H. Berry's topical lines in "I Want to Go to Bye-Bye."

**Dr. Henson Consecrated.**—There was a big congregation at the Abbey to see Dr. Henson consecrated as Bishop of Hereford. Dean

**His Biggest Charity Effort.**—Yesterday's Coliseum concert for the Waterloo Station Soldiers' Buffet was easily the most successful of Mr. George Robey's charity efforts. It realised over £4,000. The buffet can now carry on for nearly another year. The original MS. of Sir Arthur Pinero's message describing the work of the buffet realised £1,630, being auctioned and re-auctioned ten times.

**War Stamps.**—The King is, as you know, an enthusiastic stamp collector. I now hear that he has an album nearly full of stamps which have come into being since the war started.

**Policeman as Soldier.**—The Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, M.P., is, I hear, leaving politics for a time to go with his regiment, and he will shortly be off abroad. He will be missed at Westminster.

**Gold for the Nation.**—I am told by a friend of the Rothschild family that "Mr. Alfred" has left his unique collection of gold boxes, the finest in Europe, to be utilised for the nation.

**Encore.**—Lord Denbigh's discourses on war aims are immensely popular. He told me that last week he spoke thirty times on the subject.

**Another Lecture.**—I do not know whether Lord Rhondda's economy lecture to M.P.s tomorrow in Committee Room 14 will be quite as popular. Anyhow, there is something piquant in the spectacle of an ex-member of the Popular Chamber haranguing members as a peer.

**Vers Libre.**—There has lately arisen out of tortured Belgium a marvellous new poet whose poems destined to create more than a little sensation in the world of letters. As you can see by his picture herewith, he is quite young. M. Paul Mérat, for this is his name, does not submit his ideas to the trammels of versification; but his prose-poems are so melodious that one does not miss the conventional rhymes and rhythms.



M. Paul Mérat.

**Neo - Impressionism.**—A recital of M. Mérat's rhapsodies—which are collected in a volume called "Le Livre des Recitatives"—was given in Paris recently to a carefully chosen and deeply interested audience.

**The Judeans in London.**—A lot of interest is being taken in to-day's march through London of 400 men of the Jewish Regiment. The East End is all agog and intends to give the men a great send-off, for "the Judeans" mostly hail from there.

**An Historic Sale.**—Not only collectors but Governments are taking a keen interest in the sale of the Medici letters and archives which begins to-day at Christie's. I should imagine that the Italian authorities might like to secure a few of these precious relics.

**Victor and Vanquished.**—I hear that "Billy" Wells is over in France. His conqueror in 1915, Frank Moran, is teaching boxing to recruits at Spartansburg, U.S.A.

**Playing Cricket.**—Among the promotions I notice the name of Mr. K. L. Gibson, the Eton and Essex wicket-keeper, who gets his second "pip."

**Promotion.**—Another cricketer, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, gets his majority. Though he missed his Blue at Cambridge, Major Tennyson is one of the most attractive bats in the Services.

**More Pooh-Bahs.**—I thought that my paragraph about the man who held twenty-four different offices in his village would rouse the spirit of competition. A Daventry reader writes to say that her father is an office-holder thirty times over in his town, and threatens to send a list.

**Fife and Drum.**—I met a Fife man yesterday, intolerably proud because the "kingdom" is the birthplace of both Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss. Nor did he let me forget Mr. Asquith's connection with Fife, nor that of Sir Henry Dalziel and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

THE RAMBLER.

## HOW NOT TO TRAVEL BY TUBE.



The first cause of delay, in these days of crowded travel, is the idiotic woman with her long conversations and endless fumbling at the ticket-office window.—By W. K. Heselden.

ever had been decided on the subject. So now you know.

**Short Interval.**—When the Commons do adjourn there will be a very brief respite, as they are due to reassemble on February 12.

**The King's Speech.**—The new session of Parliament, which will begin a few days after the end of the expiring one, will, I learn, be opened by the King in person. His Majesty will, as is usual on these occasions, be accompanied by Queen Mary.

**Less Pageantry.**—The scene in the Painted Chamber will, of course, be shorn of much of its pre-war gaudiness by reason of the fact that many noble lords are in khaki and many peeresses are in mourning. But even in the most subdued colours the opening of Parliament is always an impressive affair.

**To Fight Another Day.**—I hear on good authority that the defeated Sim Feiner, Dr. McCartan, will challenge Mr. John Dillon at the next opportunity. The South Armagh result was heartening to the Nationalists.

Inge, who preached, was not as "gloomy" as usual, and I thought his picture of this country after the war was not overdrawn on the sombre side.

**H.R.H.**—They have a sense of humour in Devizes. A pig which will be one of the prizes in a tombola in aid of local war funds is called Crown Prince.

**In Mufti.**—I am sorry to see that Lord Ashburton has resigned his commission on account of ill-health. His only son, whose mother was a sister of Viscount Hood, is in the Dragoons.

**Economic Princess.**—Even royalty makes its clothes last in these economical days. I saw Princess Louise the other day in a Canadian sheep coat which she has had ever since the days when her husband was Viceroy of Canada.

**Meatless Breakfasts.**—London hotel dwellers had a meatless breakfast yesterday, but contrived to do very well on egg dishes and fish. The sugar difficulty was got over in one caravanserai by the supply of saccharine.

**Harrods**  
BARGAIN FLOOR

## Remarkable Values!

### 2,000 Pairs AMERICAN BOOTS

Stylish, comfortable,  
good wearing. Come  
and select or send  
your size.

12/6, 14/6,  
16/6, 17/6.  
Postage 6d. extra

#### SPECIAL.

Style C.—Patent  
Golosh button or  
lace. Black  
cloth tops,  
pointed or  
medium toes

17/6  
Postage 6d. extra.  
Really  
splendid  
value.



Mark letters—  
"BARGAIN  
FLOOR,"  
and send Cash  
with Orders.

#### Early Purchasers will get these:

**HOSIERY**—Strong Black Cotton Stockings,  
with soft finish. Spliced. 1/6<sup>1/2</sup>

Heels and Toes  
Excellent Value in All-wool Cashmere Stockings,  
extra Spruce. Heels and Toes. Black only.  
1/6<sup>1/2</sup> 2/11. Postage 6d. extra.

**GLOVES**—Fleece-lined Fabric Gloves. 1/3

Grey and Beaver. Pair  
Nice quality  
Black Suede Gloves. 3  
buttons. Best value in London. Pair  
1/11. Postage 6d. extra.

**DRESS  
FABRICS**—All-wool Botany Dress Fabrics  
in pretty Spring shades. 30/-  
wide. Patterns free.  
3/6<sup>1/2</sup>

Fine Lustre Alpaca in Nigger Brown only. 42/-  
Special Purchase. Length of 6 yards for  
Postage 3d. extra.

**HARRODS, LTD., LONDON, S.W.1**  
WOODMAN BURBIDGE Managing Director



Insist on seeing the Jason Tab on  
every pair of Jason Stockings and  
Socks you buy.

Large quantities of Stockings and Socks are being  
sold that are not all-wool—mostly unbranded  
goods! But the Jason Tab is the makers' pledge  
to you of all-wool fabric, unshrinkability and  
a guard against pilfering.

**Jason**  
ALL-WOOL  
UNSHRINKABLE  
QUALITY

Stockings and Socks  
For Ladies, Children and Men

See the Jason Tab on every pair, and pay only the  
price marked on the Tab.

Jason "Elite"	2/- per pair	Jason "Prestige"	3/- per pair
Jason "Leader"	2 1/2 per pair	Jason "Charm"	3 1/2 per pair
Jason "Prestige"	2 1/2 per pair	Jason "Elegance"	4/- per pair
Jason "Triumph"	2 1/2 per pair	Jason "Choice"	4 1/2 per pair
Jason "Elegance"	2 1/2 per pair	Jason "Elegance"	4 1/2 per pair
Jason "Ideal"	3/- per pair	Jason "Queen"	4 1/2 per pair
Jason "Ideal"	3/- per pair	Jason "Style"	5/- per pair



Buy the Jason Tab at the fixed price.

In case of difficulty, write

W. TYLER, SONS & CO., Leicester.

## THE REMEMBERED KISS BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR

### THE STORY TO DATE.

**PATRICK** and **LORNA LOUGHLAND** have married in order to secure a fortune left on this condition. Lorna loves her husband, but imagines that he loves her. She thinks he is in love with some unknown woman. During their engagement she has met

**HARRY LOUGHLAND**, Patrick's half-brother, who tried to make love to her, but was repulsed. Another would-be lover is

**FRANCIS SCOTT**, with whom Lorna became acquainted in some tableaux, in which Patrick was acting with

**MOLLY SOMERS**, a fast friend of Lorna's.

Patrick and Lorna have just commenced their honeymoon, and are residing at his home in Ireland.

### SETTLING DOWN.

I KNOW people often think that a story does, or should, end with a wedding, but I have often thought that in a way mine only really began after Patrick and I were married.

So little worth repeating happened during those first few weeks which we spent at the "tumbledown old barn" in Ireland; I seemed to go on from day to day, hoping against hope that things would improve, and that the easy, indifferent sort of friendship into which we were drifting would change into something deeper and better worth having.

I liked the house, which, by the way, was known as Five-Barn Farm, and when my first feeling of shyness and strangeness had worn off I began to try to improve its interior by adding small possessions of my own, and changing the curtains and sending to London for cushions and odds and ends.

Patrick seemed a totally different man here to what he had done in London. He spent most of his time in riding breeches and an old Norfolk coat; he was hardly ever in the house at all and outdoors was nearly always in the saddle.

Sometimes he rode with me, but not often; he seemed to have a great many friends, chiefly men who rode or drove in to see us at all times of the day and night and from all parts of the country.

He was apparently very popular amongst them, and they all called him "Pat." He was the only one of them who seemed to have any money, and I could not help wondering if that did not have a good deal to do with his popularity; but of course I did not dare to suggest it to him.

My greatest friends in those days were Mrs. O'Hallow, the Irish housekeeper, and Hector, my horse.

Mrs. O'Hallow was the kindest woman I have ever met, I think, and I am sure that from the first moment of our meeting she took me straight to her warmest heart and loved me.

She had a sharp tongue when she liked, and she hardly ever seemed to stop talking when she did. I liked the sounds or the music when worked about the place till they shrank off in sheer desperation to escape her, but she never had anything but smiles and the softest of voices for me.

"That's just her blarney," Patrick said lightly when I told him what a dear I thought she was. But I know he liked her, too; I know that without her Five-Barn Farm would not have seemed the same place to me.

We had been married six weeks and there was a very kind and unmistakable touch of spring in the air, when Patrick announced one morning at breakfast (my breakfast, I should say, as he had always had his and gone out hours before I came down) that he was going to London.

He came into the dining-room, his boots thickly caked with mud and a riding crop in his hand. When I asked him what he had done he was so right, so punctilious about scrapping his boots and not leaving his hats and pipe in the hall, I begged him not to. I told him I should be far happier if he would behave just as if I wasn't there at all, and little by little he drifted back into his bachelor ways.

I must admit I rather liked to see him so at home. I liked the smell of his pipes and the sight of his white, broad face over the place; it gave me a sort of little feeling of proprietorship in him, the one small link between us.

He had so thrown me back on myself, so forced me to self-control and indifference, that sometimes I felt as if I were literally starving, as if I were a beggar in his house, hunting for such crumbs of kindness as he chose to bestow on me.

But I am sure I did not let him guess how I felt. I don't believe for a moment that he ever thought any such thing, but that I was quite happy and contented to live as we lived. It suited him, and so I suppose he thought it suited me.

He had improved a great deal in appearance since we left London; the jaded, up-all-night sort of look had begun to disappear from his face, and he had got tanned with exposure to wind and weather.

I had never seen him look more handsome than he did this morning when he informed my breakfast to me that he was going to London.

One of the dogs—there were dozans at the farm—had followed him into the room, and as he spoke he was bending over the animal, stroking its head, as an excuse, I thought, not-to look at me.

"I shan't be away long," he said, as I did not speak to him. "A week perhaps." He waited, then added, with elaborate carelessness: "I suppose you'd care to come, too? To see your people—or—or anything?"

I answered him, as I thought he wished me to answer, that I would rather stay where I was.

"The weather is too nice just now for London," I said. He looked up quickly, a little magnetic sparkle in his eyes.

"There is no place in the world like London in the spring," he said warmly, then coloured a little, as if regretting his sudden impulsive. "But I forgot—you always preferred the country, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, and worked out what he would have said if I had not for once allowed my feelings to speak, and answered that I did not care where I was in the wide world or out of it I was if only I could be with him.

"I'll catch the night boat then," he said, after a moment.

My heart gave a little throb.

"To-night?" I asked blankly.

"Yes—that is, if you've no objection." I almost laughed.

"It makes no difference to me," I said.

It was a pity it didn't, and yet the thought of the old house without him made me wince. Never to hear his step or his voice or his cheery whistle!

### THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

"By the way," he said, turning on his way out of the room, "I've ordered a piano from Dublin. I've often wondered what's the matter with the house. It's having no piano, of course."

"Yes, that will be nice," I agreed.

"I thought you didn't particularly care for music," he said, and I answered him as I had done once before, only this time with a sort of bitterness:

"I thought you knew I could play 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' and 'The Postman's Knock'."

He laughed, as if I had said something funny, as perhaps I had, and went out into the hall with the dog at his heels.

All animals loved Patrick, and in spite of everything I had heard against my husband and all that I knew to be partially true myself I was sure that there must have been something good in him for animals to love him so devotedly.

Mrs. O'Hallow had told me many stories of how when he was what she was pleased to call "a brotha of a boy," he had broken in horses which nobody else had dared to ride; how he had made friends with an Irish terrier belonging to her father which was always kept on the chain "because of the devil and all in him"; and how the very crows themselves, half-starved on the roof of the stable, would come down and eat out of his hand.

Of himself that's just wonderful wid animals," she added, in her soft voice.

I loved the way she always spoke of Patrick as "himself," and in my heart I began to copy her; there was only one "himself" for her in the world. I suppose, as there was for me; seeing that she always took it for granted that I knew all about him.

When I asked Patrick about the crows he roared with laughter.

"She didn't tell you my name was Elijah, by any chance, did she?" he asked.

"You mean that it isn't true?" I said, dis-appointed.

"Well, I once had a pet raven," he said sententiously.

I was thinking of what Mrs. O'Hallow had said when she had walked out of the room with the dog at his heels; if he was so kind to animals and loved them so much, what could he not be to a woman for whom he cared. I asked myself!

I thought of the few weeks when he had just played at make-believe with me, and I strolled as I rose from the table and followed him into the hall.

"Can I—would you like me to pack your things?" I asked him.

"Oh, no thanks, don't bother," he said. "I'm using the place just to chuck a few things together."

"Very well," I went back to my unfinished breakfast and presently he came into the room again.

"Why don't you ask some people over to stay with you?" he said. "Molly Somers, or that girl—her—I forget her name! It'll be dull for you alone."

He made the suggestion awkwardly, and the thought flashed through my mind that he knew his place was to be away a great deal longer than a week, and wished to make sure that I stayed where I was.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "chuck the few things" in which he had spoken and got tired of it, for one side of the portmanteau was half-filled and the other empty.

One of the leather buttons had fallen off the middle of the floor; there was a litter of shirts and socks and things on the bed.

He had evidently begun to "ch

SEND THE "OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR" TO FRIENDS ABROAD

# Daily Mirror

M. LITVINOFF BEGINS WORK.



M. Litvinoff, the Bolshevik representative in London, having received his credentials from Petrograd, began his new duties on Saturday. His wife acts as a secretary.

HUN SAVAGERY.



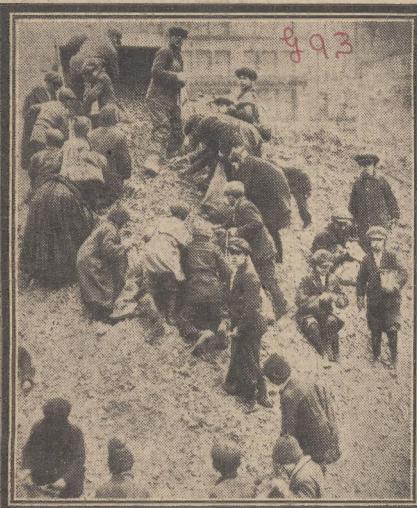
2nd Lieut. H. C. Wooley, one of the British airmen on whom the Huns have passed the savage sentence of ten years' imprisonment in a fortress. He is alleged to have distributed leaflets from the air.

NEW BISHOP.



Dr. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, who was consecrated Bishop of Hereford at Westminster Abbey on Saturday. His appointment was maintained at one time to split the Church of England.

SEARCH FOR COAL IN NEW YORK.

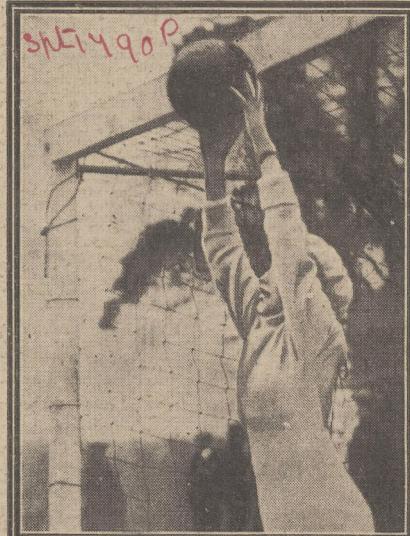


Picking on ash dumps for bits of the precious fuel. Five hundred tons of ashes produce on an average about three tons of coal.

SERVICE MEN AND MUNITION GIRLS PLAY FOOTBALL.



The New Zealand F.A. maintained their unbeaten record at Richmond on Saturday and defeated the Public Schools Services. Prince Axel of Denmark (nearest camera) was a spectator.



Miss Twiner, the Humber goalkeeper, makes a good save in the match between—

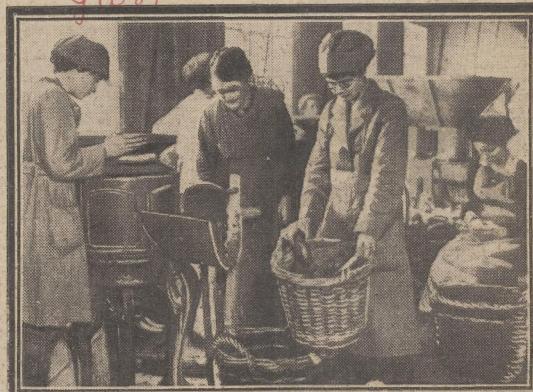


— the Humber girls from Coventry and the Vickers girls. The game was played at Crayford.

A NEW VILLAGE INDUSTRY LAUNCHED BY THE FOOD MINISTRY.



Stoking the boilers.



The peeling machine... All the workers are women.

All sorts of vegetables are dried at the factory which has been established in Kent by the Ministry of Food. It is as a precaution against any shortage of vegetables during the coming spring.